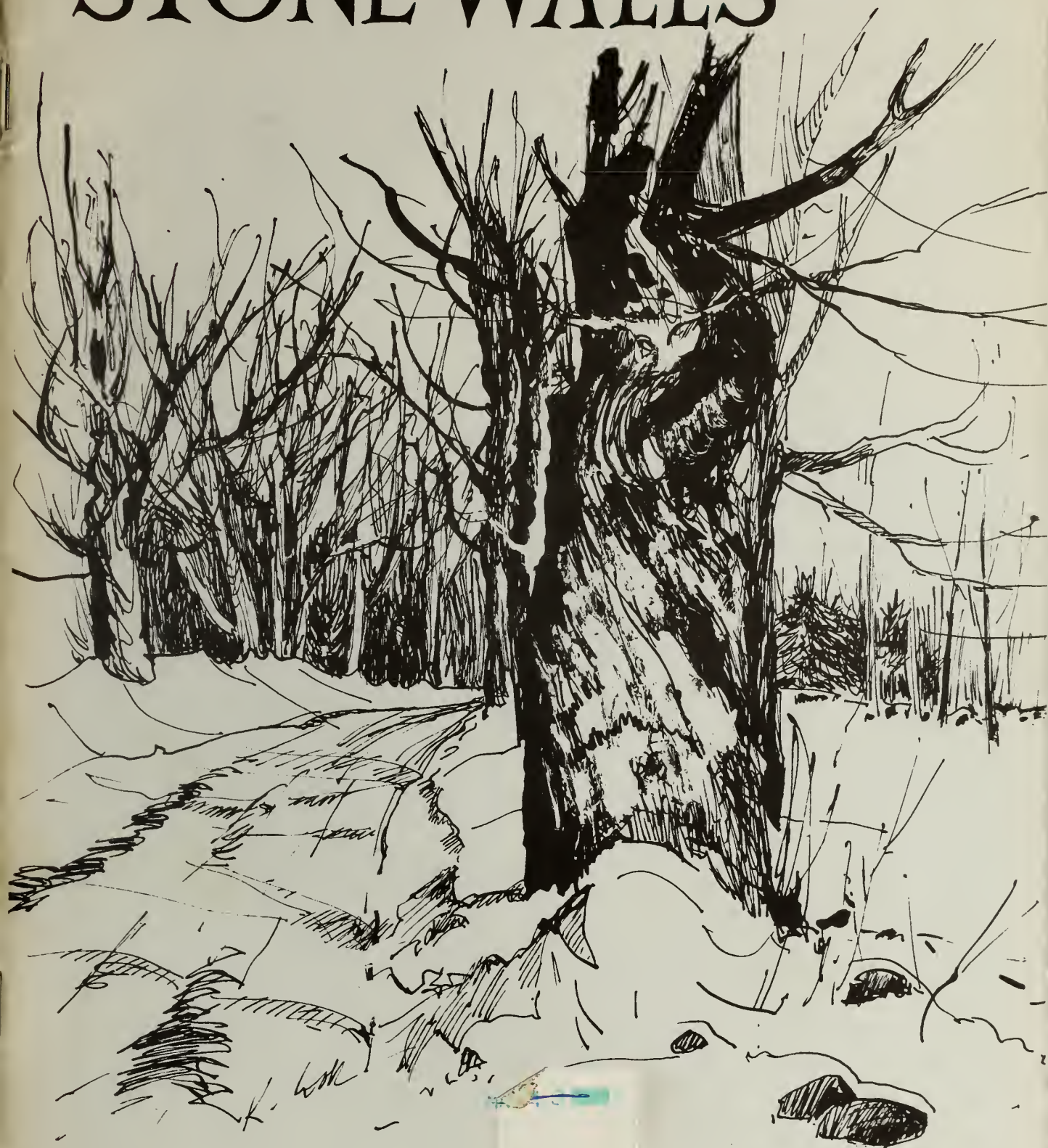


STONE WALLS



WINTER
1986 - 1987

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— Editorial —

In working on *Stone Walls* I have come into contact with some grand older people, many of them women who have special qualities. As children they were probably taught to be seen and not heard. The women must have been socialized to be modest and deferential. Their manner is deceptive. These people have managed farms, class rooms and businesses. Standards were upheld, children raised, accounts kept, churchsuppers and bazzars held and history recorded. They coped with situations for which we would go to social services or psychologists.

In these days of assertiveness and looking out for number one, perhaps it is time to ask what we might lose. Must we women imitate men's most aggressive qualities in order to influence how things are done? These older citizens may reveal the secret sinews of the society of our parents and grandparents. If *Stone Walls* can record at least some of this history of ordinary people there is hope that some of the coping mechanisms of our predecessors will not be lost.

Natalie Birrell

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Diary of Hannah A. Gibbs

Blandford, Massachusetts

During the past year Stone Walls printed a diary written by Mari Gibbs of Blandford. The following diary was written by Hannah Algytha Gibbs who was the mother of Mari. Hannah was the daughter of John Fish and Mercy Lyman, and the widow of Joseph Addison Gibbs. She was born in Blandford on Nov. 27, 1831 and died there Jan. 9, 1912. She was the mother of three sons, and three daughters. The diary is written from Christmas Day 1906 — Feb. 26, 1908. It was written after Mari's diary and contains many facts about early families living in Blandford and surrounding towns during those two years. The diary was sent to us by Mrs. Richard Gibbs of Noblesville, Ind.

— Editorial Board

1906

Christmas Day - Cloudy, cold & blustering. 10 above zero in the morning

Dec. 26 - 20 above zero in the morning & has proved a very pleasant day.

Dec. 27 - Cloudy in the a.m. & spitting snow in the p.m.

Dec. 28 - Snowed a little in a.m., quite cloudy at noon, fairer towards night.

Dec. 29 - Cloudy in morning but sun came out bright before noon, cloudy in p.m.

Dec. 30 - Cloudy & misty all day; commenced raining at night

Dec. 31 - Rainy all day. Oliver L. Millard & Bernice B. Colburn married.

1907

Jan. 1 - Tues. - Some sunshine in a.m., cloudy in the p.m. Robert A. Nye & Lucy Mosher married.

Jan. 2 - Fair most of the day.

Jan. 3 - Hail & rain most of the day

Jan. 4 - Fri. - Rain in the a.m. High winds in the p.m.

Jan. 5 - Fair & bright

Jan. 6 - Sun shone a little while in the a.m., then cloudy all the rest of the day.

C. Merrett Blair & Miss Ella

McNairn married.

Jan. 7 - Mon. - Pleasant most of the day, commenced raining in the evening.

Jan. 8 - Fog, mist & rain all day

Jan. 9 - Some cooler & windy & a little snow. H. Leon Ripley & Ethel Hall married.

Jan. 10 - Thurs. - Cooler pleasant but windy.

Jan. 11 - A nice fair day. Went up to Mr. Loring's in a.m.

Jan. 12 - Snowed in a.m. Fog & mist p.m. Am having a time with asthma caused by indigestion

Jan. 13 - Sun. - Cloudy all day. Fannie bit Donald. Doct Shep put in eight stitches. (Fannie was a horse.)

Jan. 14 - E.B. Ellis died today 88 yrs. Mrs. Ellis died Feb. 14, 1902.

Jan. 15 - Cloudy in a.m. Sunshine out in p.m. Donald went to Chester.

Jan. 16 - Wed. - Cold cloudy day. Bert & Hattie gone to Westfield.

Jan. 17 - 9 degrees below zero. Snowing this morning. A cold raw day. Don went to see Doct. Shep

Jan. 18 - Snowy in a.m. Cloudy the rest of the day.

Jan. 19 - Sat. - Frozen rain in a.m. all

melted in the night. Don went to see Doct Shep Doct took out all the stitches. Put up Grandma's stove in M's room.

Jan. 20 - Cloudy all the morning sunshine at about three o'clock storm seems to have cleared off

Jan. 21 - Colder but quite windy Sun shines out bright

Jan. 22 - Tues. Snowing this a.m. snowed some all day. The wind came up in the night & scattered the snow.

Jan. 23 - 6 degrees below zero. Sun shines out bright this morning & has all day 10 degrees below zero at bedtime.

Jan. 24 - 15 below zero this a.m. It has been a bright fair day. 8 p.m. 5 below zero.

Jan. 25 - Fri. - 2 above zero this a.m. & snowing a very little, has spit snow all day. 14 above zero at 8 p.m.

Jan. 26 - Snowing in a.m. Partly cleared up in p.m. did not snow any 10 above zero at night.

Jan. 27 - Very fair this a.m. 2 above zero. Has been a nice fair day. 14 below zero tonight. Bert & Hattie came over today.

Jan. 28 - Mon. - A nice fair day

Jan. 29 - Pleasant day with a strong west wind. F. got sawdust. Don went to see the Doct.

Jan. 30 - A fair day most of the time. Fannie Humason Morrissey died. Frank C. Broga & Annie Leasot married. smoke Chimney burnt out south side.

Jan. 31 - Thurs. - Nice & fair this a.m. Cloudy in the p.m. James Knox died aged 70 years.

Feb. 1 - Cloudy in a.m. & snowed some. Making ice in the p.m.

Feb. 2 - Cloudy & foggy all the a.m. Cloudy most of the p.m. Some rain in the evening. Cleared off cold with high winds.

Feb. 3 - Sun. - Chimney burnt out this morning. Very windy. Fair all day. 10

above zero at 9 p.m. Leslie 20 years old.

Feb. 4 - 6 above zero this morning has been cloudy most of the day Snowing at 10 in the evening

Feb. 5 - Snowing in morning, does not gather very fast - too cold, 6 above zero

Feb. 6 - Wed. - Pleasant but windy, about seven inches of snow & light just right for the wind

Feb. 7 - 4 below zero this morning Has been a very pleasant day cloudy towards night. Hattie 46 years old. Amy went down to Maria Waite's

Feb. 8 - Cloudy in morning snowed a very little, very nice the rest of the day. Drew one load of sawdust from Curtis mill for Mr. Ashley

Feb. 9 - Sat. - A very nice day. Robert has got the mumps.

Feb. 10 - Cloudy & thawing some no sunshine. Frank & Ruth went to church. Frank 44 yrs. old.

Feb. 11 - 18 above zero this morning & pleasant. Cold & blustering in the p.m.

Feb. 12 - Tues. - 16 below zero up to Mr. Loring's this morning, snow flying. A very windy cold day.

Feb. 13 - Cold pleasant day. Amy came home from Maria's.

Feb. 14 - A strong west wind & thawing. 30 above zero this morning. Robert has a temperature of 105 Had Doct Shep

Feb. 15 - Fri. - Colder, cloudy & snow flying this morning. Cleared up this forenoon & has been a nice fair day

Feb. 16 - Cloudy & thawy. Leon & Don got sawdust from Curtis mill for Mr. Ashley

Feb. 17 - A snowy blustering day sun shines when snowing. A daughter to Robert & Lucy Nye

Feb. 18 - Mon. - It has been a very nice clear day. Leon & Don got sawdust for Frank.

Feb. 19 - Cloudy & spitting snow all day. Elsie has the mumps.

Feb. 20 - Pleasant Olive went over to Mr Lewis'

Feb. 21 - Thurs. - Colder & snowed a little last night & blowing today

Feb. 22 - A cold blustering day

Feb. 23 - 12 below zero this morning Victoria Atwood came here.

Feb. 24 - Sun. - 7 below zero. A very good day until three o'clock when it commenced to snow.

Feb. 25 - 24 above zero. 4 inches of snow just enough for a good blow & it has drifted

Feb. 26 - Cloudy the fore part of the day & has been quite pleasant this p.m.

Feb. 27 - Has been a very pleasant day but cold 4 above zero tonight.

Feb. 28 - Pleasant in the a.m. Cloudy in the p.m.

Mar. 1 - Pleasant Miss Emmons came to see Victoria.

Mar. 2 - Sat. - Raining this morning Saved water for washing

Mar. 3 - A very comfortable day could not go to church on account of mumps Mari has the mumps

Mar. 4 - Snowing a little, but has been quite a good day. Frank has given up & gone to bed with mumps.

Mar. 5 - Tues. - Very bright fair morning, has been a good day

Mar. 6 - A very good day Marrville Herrick came over here got here about 9 o'clock

Mar. 7 - A pleasant day Marrville done chores & got two loads of wood

Mar. 8 - Fri. - Has been spitting snow all day Donald has the mumps

Mar. 9 - A pleasant day Mrs. James Knox died

Mar. 10 - Cloudy & spitting snow Charlie Lesot here

Mar. 11 - Mon. - A nice day clothes dried good

Mar. 12 - Warmer & cloudy Commenced snowing just at night

Mar. 13 - Warmer & foggy snow going fast

Mar. 14 - Thurs. - Raining this morning Cloudy most of the day Amy has the mumps

Mar. 15 - A fair day

Mar. 16 - A pleasant day

Mar. 17 - Sun. - Cloudy & very windy

Mar. 18 - A very good day hung all the washing outdoors & everything dried fine

Mar. 19 - Cloudy in the forenoon some snow fell in p.m. rain in the evening. George Pease died this a.m. Aunt Marietta died at one o'clock a.m.

Mar. 20 - Wed. - High winds all day & colder Uncle O.F. died 7 o'clock a.m.

Mar. 21 - Pleasant day

Mar. 22 - Warm & pleasant

Mar. 23 - Sat. - Very warm 60 above zero

Mar. 24 - Cold raw day some rain in the evening, froze as it came

Mar. 25 - A nice warm day clothes dried outdoors Had plenty of rain water from the eaves

Mar. 26 - Tues. - Cold & cloudy sap running good

Mar. 27 - A nice day

Mar. 28 - It was quite warm rained hard for a few minutes

Mar. 29 - Fri. - Very warm today Hattie & Kenneth came over today

Mar. 30 - Cloudy & windy in the a.m. wind went down in p.m.

Mar. 31 - A cloudy day

— to be continued —



Identification of Some of the People in Hannah Gibbs' Diary

Hannah Algytha Gibbs, dau. of John Fish & Mercy E. Lyman Fish
widow of Joseph Addison Gibbs, son of Linus Gibbs & Polly Anna Sacket Gibbs
Joseph d. 23 Feb. 1873
Hannah, b. 27 Nov. 1831; d. 9 Jan. 1912

Children of Joseph A. & Hannah (Fish) Gibbs:

Mari Caroline Gibbs, b. 29 Mar. 1859, Blandford; d. 2 Dec. 1910, Blandford

She was a teacher in the schools at Blandford, Springfield & at New Haven, Conn. In Oct. 1907 she went to work at the Shurtleff Mission, Springfield. She was unmarried.

Hattie Amy Gibbs, b. 7 Feb. 1861, Blandford; d. 15 Dec. 1920, N. Blandford

m. 10 Feb. 1886, Albert T. Gibbs, her 3rd cousin. He was son of Bradner Gibbs & Sarah Deming. Their children mentioned in the diary were:

Leslie A. Gibbs, b. 3 Feb. 1887

Harold B. Gibbs, b. 13 July 1888

[Gladys A. Gibbs, b. 25 Oct. 1900; d. 3 July 1903 — She was not in this diary.]

Frank Nelson Gibbs, b. 10 Feb. 1863, Blandford; d. 24 Dec. 1946, Pittsfield

m. 31 Dec. 1886, Olive Laura Morey, dau. William Calvin Morey & Rachel M. Healy Morey. Their children mentioned in the diary:

Robert Amy

Donald Elsie

William Joseph Gibbs, b. 4 Nov. 1864, Blandford; d. 20 Mar. 1911, Chicago, Ill.

m. 13 Jan. 1898 in Chicago, M. Blanche Caldwell.

Ella Eva Gibbs, b. 2 Dec. 1866, Blandford; d. 15 Sept. 1942, Blandford.

She took training at Hartford Hospital and became a Registered Nurse. Later she graduated from Emerson College, Boston. She was a special duty nurse in Springfield. She never married.

Joseph Addison Gibbs, b. 29 May 1873, Blandford (born 3 mos. after his father's death); d. 31 Mar. 1932, Suffield, Conn.

m. 4 Oct. 1905, Grace Louise Hastings, dau. of Francis E. Hastings. He was a physician and practiced medicine in Suffield, Conn.

Children of William Calvin Morey (1837-1914) & Rachel M. Healy (1837-1918):

Olive Laura Morey, 1863-1958; m. Frank N. Gibbs

Dennison C. Morey, 1865-1953; m. Aletha Harlow*

Abbie Louise Morey, 1871-1912; m. Ward Alvin Harlow*

Their sons:

Gordon Harlow, 1903-1968

Ward Harlow, 1906 - still living

*Children of Ward A. Harlow & Estella Willcut

Maria Waite — 1st cousin of Olive (Morey) Gibbs; Maria was dau. of Winfield D. Healy & Sarah Snow Healy; m. 1898 Howard Waite; lived N. Blandford.

Burton Gibbs, 1877-1951 - inventor of the automobile radiator

son of Russell & Marietta (Gibbs) Gibbs. Russell & Marietta were 1st cousins of each other & 3rd cousins of Frank N. Gibbs, Dexter Loring & Ellen Watson Loring.

Mr. L. or Mr. Loring was Dexter Henshaw Loring, son of Col. Simeson W. Loring & Jane Ann Gibbs, dau. of Samuel Gibbs who was the grandson of Israel Gibbs. Dexter Loring m. Ellen Watson, dau. of Spencer C. Watson who was a great grandson of Israel Gibbs. Dexter & Ellen were 3rd cousins of each other and also 3rd cousins of Frank N. Gibbs & Albert T. ("Bert") Gibbs.

Mrs. Peckham was Julia Ann Gibbs, dau. of Bradner Gibbs & Sarah Deming, who m. 1859, Abel Peckham & lived in Suffield, Conn.

Ruth was Ruth Kennedy, a state girl who worked at the home of Hannah Gibbs.

Victoria Atwood

Bertha Sloane

probably state girls

Allston Gleason

Marvil Herrick

Leon

hired hands at the Gibbs' farm

Westfield's Foremost Phrenologist Phineas Lyman Buell

1809-1893

By Harold Norton Jones

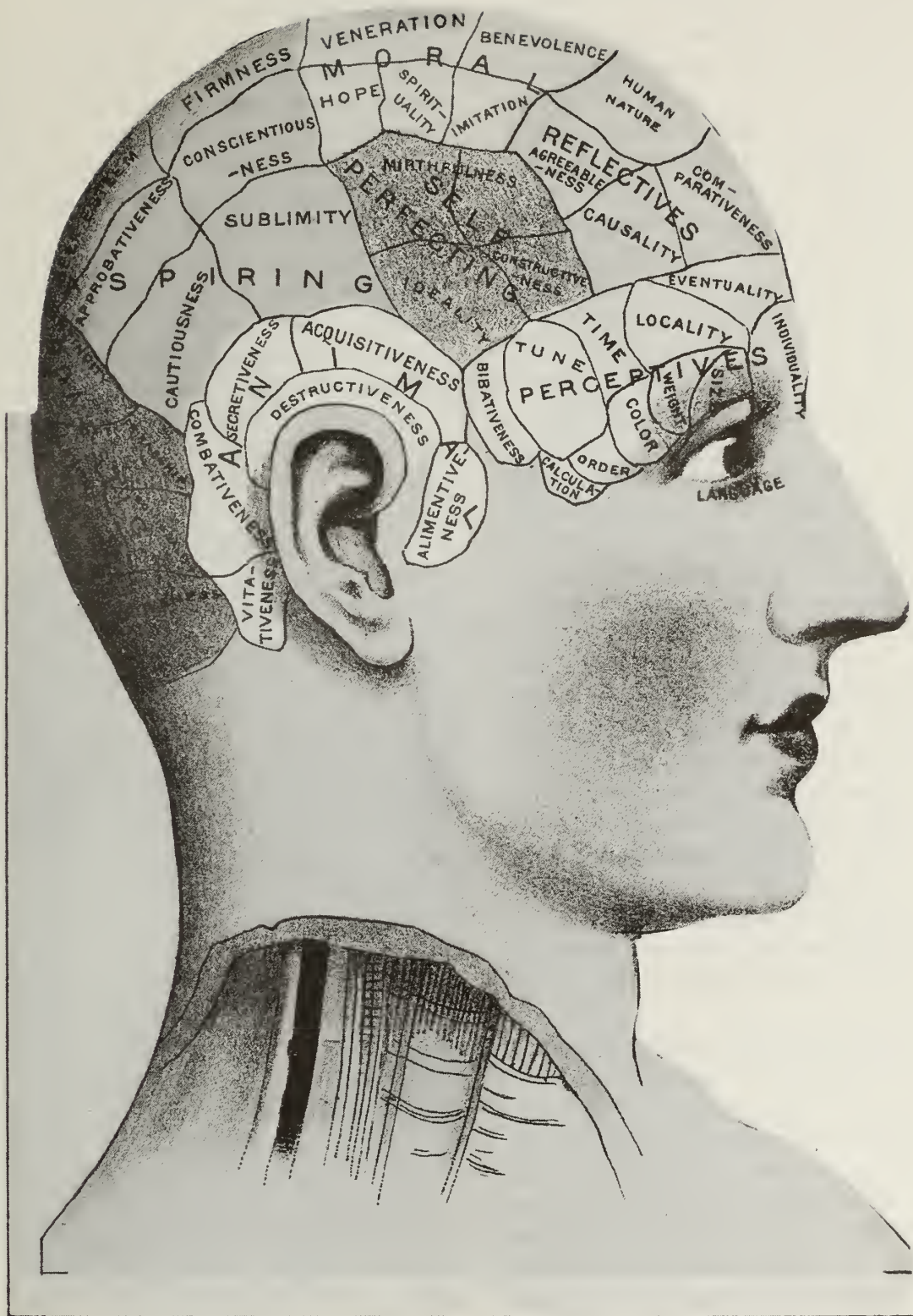
INTRODUCTION: THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY

The early nineteenth century brought new wonders to the shores of America, one of which was the sensational science of the mind called Phrenology. During the late 1700's Dr. Franz Joseph Gall of Vienna had developed his "radical" thesis that the brain is the organ of the human mind: more specifically the brain is an accumulation of organs, while the mind consists of a corresponding set of talents, tendencies and feelings. Furthermore the size of any organ of the brain is directly related to its functioning power. The size of such an organ can be changed, just as a muscle can be enlarged through physical exercise. Thus it lay within the power of man to be the master of his own mind and even his fate. Gall's doctrines were derived from the study of the heads of hundreds of people, many of whom were inmates of prisons and asylums. By the time of his death in 1828 the Austrian physician had won many converts who were spreading the gospel of phrenology in Europe.

His most ardent disciple, a German doctor named Johan Gaspar Spurzheim, sailed to the United States in 1832. In a series of eighteen lectures at the Boston

Atheneum, he held his audience in thrall. How fascinating it was to learn that a phrenologist could describe the character of a complete stranger by examining his skull with his fingers! Even more wonderful to contemplate, the examiner could help his subject to remedy discovered weakness by means of mental exercises to control the organ found to be deficient. Inherent in the study of phrenology lay possibilities without end for the reform and betterment of mankind. Small wonder that hundreds crowded forward to have their skulls probed and their character analyzed, for a modest fee of course.

Alas, in less than two months Dr. Spurzheim died suddenly at the peak of his fame. His brain, the organ of what Emerson declared was one of the world's greatest minds, was preserved in alcohol at Harvard Medical School. But this was not the end of phrenology in America. On the day of the Spurzheim funeral, the Boston Phrenological Society was organized, and from the presses of the country came a swelling flood of periodicals, books and charts on the subject. Soon another celebrity



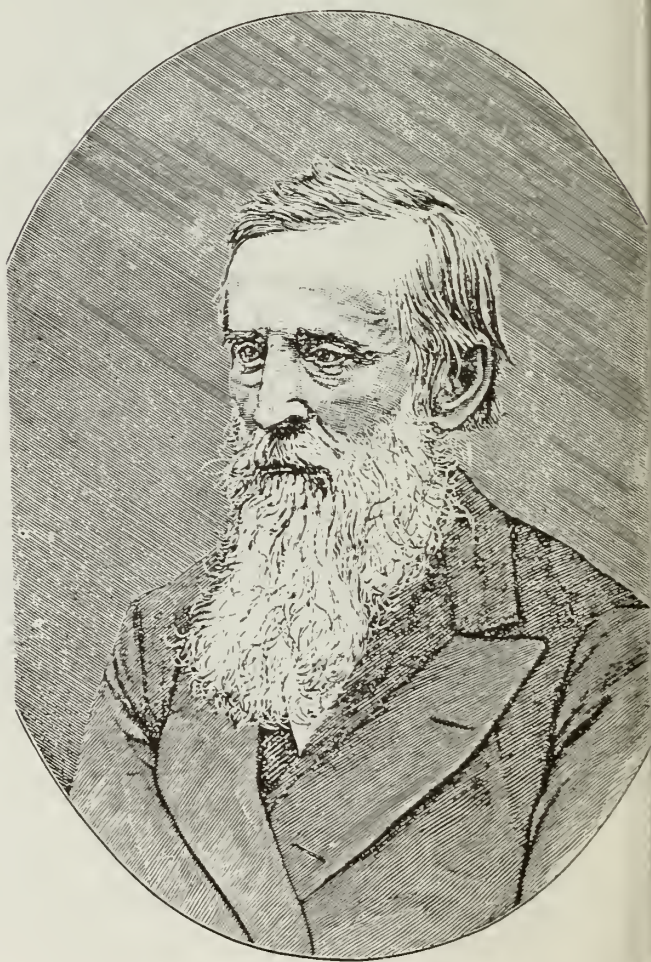
arrived from Europe, George Combe of Edinburgh, who excited public interest to a new height. In towns large and small everywhere posters went up on the walls to advertise coming lectures in the townhalls, meetinghouses or school-houses. Usually admission to the first lecture was free with a modest fee for an examination of the skull afterward. Adding fuel to the fires of interest were endorsements by such notables as Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greeley and Horace Mann.

PHINEAS L. TINKER

Phineas Lyman Tinker (later Buell) first saw the light of day on February 20, 1809 in Granville, Massachusetts. This seventh child of Martin and Naomi (Spelman) Tinker, was a lineal descendant of Thomas Tinker who had come to America on the Mayflower. Less than three years later the father, Martin Tinker, was dead of a fever at age forty-five. Within another year or so his widow, Naomi, married a prosperous farmer who had come up from West Hartford some time earlier, a widower named Asa Seymour. Phineas, youngest of the children, lived at home until age twenty-one, working on the farm and attending the village school during the winter months.

At age seventeen he had set his goal to become a teacher. He was able to study one term in the classical school of the eminent Dr. Timothy Mather Cooley, who during his long pastorate prepared hundreds of youths for college or advanced types of work. In 1831 Phineas secured an appointment to teach the East Granville school for the winter session, and the following year became the master

of another district school. In the fall of 1832 he enrolled in Westfield Academy, which under the able administration of Dr. Emerson Davis reached its peak registration the next year of 186 young men and 255 young ladies. After one year at the Academy Phineas resumed teaching for the next six years, meanwhile giving "particular attention to his writing". Letters from Phineas to his mother during this period reveal that he taught a number of different communities including Scituate in Rhode Island; Derby, New Britain, Colebrook, Tolland, and Hitchcockville in Connecticut.



CHANGE OF NAME TO PHINEAS L. BUELL

During the winter session of 1837-38 of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, it was voted to approve a petition by Phineas Lyman Tinker of Granville to change his surname to Buell. This was the first name of his mother's brother, Buell Spelman, who had emigrated to Ohio, and also the middle name of his only brother, Martin Buell Tinker. Just why Phineas wished to discard his family name is a matter for speculation.

During the winter of 1837-38 Phineas Buell was teaching school in Cabotville, the northern parish of Springfield, later known as Chicopee. Here was advertised a public lecture given by Samuel Kirkham, phrenologist. Phineas attended the lecture and paid for a private examination afterward. He was tremendously impressed by Kirkham's description of his character from the probing of his cranium — especially the finding that he had a "predisposition to melancholy". He purchased a copy of Spurzheim's book on phrenology and soon began to find that the practical application of these principles was very useful in teaching and "governing" his own class of scholars.

About eight months after meeting Kirkham, Buell was teaching in Blandford and began to branch out. He teamed up with a William Gibbs to offer public lectures on phrenology, but the partnership lasted only a few weeks. Soon Buell began an extended tour in his new profession, during which he sought to "place phrenology on a moral, intellectual and truthful basis". For eighteen months he traveled through Delaware, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Ohio,

New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, an arduous journey lasting from late 1838 into 1840. Presumably most of the travel was done by stage coach or carriage, but Buell could possibly have ridden on the fledgling Baltimore & Ohio Railroad or perhaps on the Erie Canal. Unfortunately the few letters on hand today do not mention the mode of travel, except in one instance to refer to a very unpleasant walk in snow and mud to return to his lodging place.

Our chief source of information is a letter written to Buell's mother, Mrs. Naomi Seymour of East Granville, Mass., a widow for the second time. The letter was postmarked Oct. 25, 1839 at Lodi, New York (near Buffalo). After an apology for having written only once during the eleven months since leaving home, Phineas wrote an interesting report, as follows: "I have been to Ohio — the land which from my earliest recollections I have always longed to see, the beautiful country where my Uncles and Aunts lived. I will now tell you how I introduced myself to Uncle Buell." Phineas goes on to tell how he called at his uncle's house as a stranger without identifying himself except as a lecturer on phrenology. His uncle spoke disparagingly on the subject but at last Phineas boldly asked to examine his head. He agreed and Phineas described his character "partly on phrenological principles & partly from acquaintance. In the course of the examination I told him that he was very particular to have his fences & everything pertaining to his farm in good order, — and that he was fond of good horses and cattle, at which assertion he was not a little pleased. ...I then told Uncle that his organ of Form was large (this is the organ which when largely developed gives the power of recollecting the countenances of person) but not

withstanding this he probably did not recollect my countenance, although he had seen me before. He at once remarked that he "thought he knew me" and asked me if my name was Tinker. He said that he had been eyeing me close, but the name on my advertisement puzzled him. He was not aware that I had changed my name."

About seven weeks later on Jan. 27, 1841, a letter from Upper Merion Township, Penn. states: "Last evening I lectured at a Quaker schoolhouse & had about forty hearers. After the lecture I examined the head of an honest Quaker, blindfolded. Many persons who are advanced in life are of your opinion, that Phrenology is akin to fortune telling & to remove their doubts, they requested me to examine their heads with my eyes covered. This I always do whenever it is requested." The letter concludes with the statement that he intends to visit Washington after the middle of February and remain there until after the fourth of March (date of the inauguration of President Harrison).

ASSOCIATION WITH NELSON SIZER

In Washington, D.C. during February 1841, Phineas met a man from Massachusetts who would become a business partner and life-long friend. Nelson Sizer, born in the town of Chester in 1812, was a man of extraordinary talent. Working in a woolen mill at age fourteen, he had become the manager at seventeen. In his twenties he became a partner in the paper manufacturing business, but exhibited his broad range of interest by writing articles for country newspapers. At some point after Dr. Spurzheim's lectures in Boston (1832) Sizer began to study the

science of phrenology and to experiment with the "manipulation" of heads. In 1839 after the death of his wife, he gave up the newspaper business to launch a new career. He became an effective subscription agent for The Phrenological Journal and soon began to write articles for the periodical.

Now in 1841 Phineas Buell and Nelson Sizer began a fruitful partnership. After a lengthy course of lectures in the Washington area they toured widely through Virginia, Maryland, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont and New Hampshire. In December 1842 they published a manual entitled *A Guide to Phrenology* and the new book was financially successful.

At Wolcottville, Conn. on Oct. 17, 1843 Buell, who had been afflicted for a week with influenza, wrote home to his mother:..."I am among my acquaintances where I lectured three years ago, and a few days will decide whether I shall succeed or not. Mr. Sizer was at home in Suffield when I heard from him last. Since I left home I have sold about fifty of my largest books & they have succeeded tolerably well."

Although Buell and Sizer were no longer traveling together on tour, they continued their professional collaboration and met occasionally. A letter of March 31, 1847 from Hebron, Conn. refers to Buell's lectures at Coventry, Colombia, Lebanon and Willamantic. At Hebron "I gave my introductory lecture on Monday evening, & had a very respectable auditory, among whom were Ex Gov. Peters & Judge Hendron, residents of this place." Phineas says he would like to go to Haddam this spring but cannot do so and "get home in season to plant potatoes". Snow, rain and severe weather make travel difficult at this time of year. About a year later, March 11, 1848 at East

Hampton, Conn. Buell wrote to his mother that after giving a course of lectures in West Granby he had gone to Avon, where he spent two days with Mr. Sizer. They prepared their Chart for publication and then took it to a printer in Hartford. (More on Nelson Sizer later).

PHINEAS BUELL — JOURNALIST

Buell's arduous labors in phrenology during the 1840's had rewarded him financially to the point that he became the head of a family and invested in a new occupation. Around 1850 he married Phebe Gilman of Westfield, thirteen years younger than he, and they had a son, Edward and a daughter, Sarah. In August 1851 he purchased a half interest in the "Westfield News Letter" from Elijah Porter.

This was the beginning of a stint of more than twenty years in journalism. At first Buell worked with Porter as local editor. In 1861 Buell became sole proprietor of the paper. According to a biographical sketch written by Nelson Sizer in the "Phrenological Journal" of August 1882, Buell "tried fearlessly to advocate the truth regardless of the consequences" and adopted for his paper the motto "Independent in all things, neutral in nothing." His support of the new Republican Party offended some of the old-line Whigs and stirred certain influential men of the town to muffle his voice. They started a new paper called the "Western Hampden Times" with the avowed object of killing off Buell's journal, but the move failed and the "Westfield News Letter" increased its readership. However, the pressure of the struggle seems to have impaired Buell's health; whatever the reason he sold the paper in 1871 to Sherman Adams. About two years later the two papers

consolidated as the "Westfield Times and Newsletter" and Buell accepted the position of agricultural editor, which post he retained part time until at least 1882.

LIBRARIAN

In May 1874 Buell, then sixty-five years old, began another career with less stress and strain. Ten years earlier a few far-sighted citizens had incorporated the Westfield Atheneum, and in 1866 Hiram Harrison, whip manufacturer, had built a handsome brick structure on Main Street to house the Atheneum library. Now in May 1874 the second librarian to be appointed was Phineas L. Buell, a resident of Washington Street at the corner of Spring. Well known for his editorial writing of many years past, and as a former member of the school committees of both Granville and Westfield, the venerable white-haired gentleman commanded respect of the library patrons. An interesting commentary was written many years later by Addison L. Green, whose "Reminiscences" were included in a chapter on "Westfield or Woronoco" in Hampden County, Clifton Johnson, Ed., 1936:

"Mr. Phineas Buell managed the Atheneum and a democratic institution it was. One might go by himself anywhere and pull down from the shelves the books he fancied, look at them as long as he liked and read what he pleased. Mr. Buell was much interested in phrenology and I remember once introducing him to my grandfather. He (Buell) immediately viewed our heads, and remarked upon the similarity of the conformation, and stated that anyone familiar with phrenology could tell our relationship. We went away without explaining that it was a step-grandfather."

Nelson Sizer described Buell in 1882,

naturally with a phrenological slant, as follows: "He is delicately organized, not very strong physically, and with a head too large for his body, he has been obligated to work guardedly and husband his vital resources. The drift of his intellect is toward the philosophical rather than the practical, the forehead being high and square. His mirthfulness being large, he quickly recognizes the absurd and ridiculous, and delights in storing up droll facts for references. He is domestic and affectionate in spirit, and while his large Cautioness, which occasionally gives him a touch of melancholy, may sometimes hold him back from making acquaintance with strangers, his friendships when formed are as cordial and as constant as the sun. As a lecturer he is sound, calm and deliberate, and always commands the attention and respect of his hearers; as an examiner he is careful, conscientious and critical, and never forgets that he has an opportunity to give sound moral and secular advice to his subjects. In him and his public works there is no false pretense, no quackery, no froth, and he never fails to leave a good impression of himself and the science he promulgates."

The Granville Public Library has a photograph made in 1866 of a reunion of nine schoolmates of sixty years earlier. In the center stands Phineas (Tinker) Buell, aged seventy-seven, shorter than most of the others, of a slender frame and with a flowing white beard and moustache.

Phineas retired as librarian in 1885. The "Westfield Times and Newsletter" of Nov. 22, 1893 carried his obituary, describing his career in journalism but ignoring his many years devoted to the science of phrenology. The account said of him: — "He was a creative and public-spirited man and especially interested in educational matters. He served years on

the school board and was one of the prime movers for the formation of an evening school."

His wife survived until 1910. Their daughter Sarah married a former classmate at the Normal School, Henry Wilson Ely. Their sons, Joseph Buell Ely and Charles followed their father into the profession of law. Joseph gained national prominence as a two-term governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the man who nominated Gov. Alfred Smith of New York to be presidential candidate of the Democratic Party in the election of 1928. The final resting place of Governor Ely in Pine Hill Cemetery, Westfield, impressive as befits his high station in government, is only a stone's throw to the west of the grave of his maternal grandfather, Phineas Lyman (Tinker) Buell — teacher, phrenologist, journalist and librarian.

NELSON SIZER

Now let us return to Nelson Sizer who in 1849 at the age of thirty seven and with ten years of experience in the field joined the Phrenological Cabinet as a professional examiner. One of his earliest subjects, a man unknown to him, turned out to be Horace Mann, and this eminent educator expressed amazement that a stranger could have learned so much about him merely from an examination of the head. Many more celebrities appeared before Professor Sizer during the ensuing decades. Over half a century Sizer made 300,000 examinations, evidence that he must have been doing something right. Of course no phrenologist wished to give offense in a private session or to risk libel in a public audience; hence he would emphasize his subject's strength and downplay his

weaknesses. The phrenologist usually told his subjects what they wanted to hear!

From 1859 to 1863 Sizer served as editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, and after the incorporation of the American Institute of Phrenology in 1866 he became its president and chief lecturer. The course of study, comprising 100 lectures, lasted six weeks. Over a period of thirty years 731 students received diplomas. Sizer was an indefatigable worker all his days and a steady stream of articles and treatises flowed from his pen for publication. When Nelson Sizer finally exited this world in 1897, this creative man from Chester, Mass. had truly left his mark on the culture of the 19th century America.

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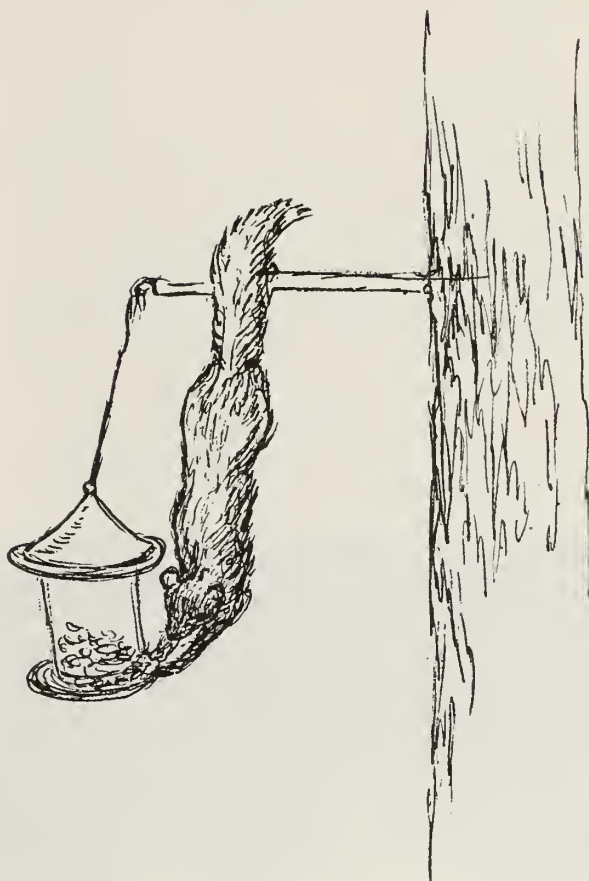
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Six Common Pins Trip Up Arson Ring Operating In New England

By C.L. Gaylor

*From the Springfield Republican
July 18, 1937*

Detective Figured They Were Too Shiny And Started Far Reaching Probe

Six bright and shiny common pins marched across the pages of criminal history in Western Massachusetts not long ago, and before their trek was done a dozen or more persons had been before the bar of justice and sentences ranging from small fines to a maximum of 10 to 15 years in a state prison had been handed out. True, the pins had no active part in the apprehension of the ring of professional arsonists and antique thieves they tripped up. But always they stood up in front like commanding generals pointing the way to the forces of justice. The pins seemed to point the way in a manner that could not be disregarded by police investigators.

Long before court convictions were gained, detectives had come to the conclusion that the pins, worth probably all of one cent, had indicated the way by which thousand of dollars worth of valuable furniture and home furnishings might be recovered.

Fixing credit for the breakup of the arson ring is well nigh impossible. To

Lieut. William J. Puzzo, state fire inspector, assigned to the area in and around Springfield seems to go most of the credit. It was he who found the pins and then reasoned they should have been rusty if they had been lying around before the fire he was investigating started.

Cooperation

To various other members of the state department of public safety must go a share of the credit for the arrests. Lieut. Ira C. Taylor second day on the case as he stood side by side with Lieut. Puzzo and sifted the maze of clues until valuable leads were fixed upon.

In every town where there had been a fire the municipal police departments did their share in the tremendous task of rounding up the arson ring. And still further in the background was the state police department whose members never lost sight of the fact that a truck with a tire having a particular type of break in its tread was wanted in connection with the gang's operations.

Just how successful this last group

was is readily seen when the truck was eventually found and through that catch much damaging evidence was piled up against the gang.

Yet, Bill Puzzo shrugs his shoulders and denies that he did anything exceptional. Rather, he points to the forces, scientific and physical, that coordinated to bring about the roundup of the gang.

Summer Homes Razed

But let's get back to the beginning. For weeks, yes months, various sections of New England had been the locale of mysterious fires. The fires all occurred in spacious homes of wealthy persons who used the premises only in the summer. In a majority of instances the places were not in care of resident watchmen but were supervised by some townsman who went around once a week or so just to see that windows had not been broken and that all doors were locked.

Needless to say, homes of this type were well furnished. As is usual with persons of

wealth many of the homes contained extensive collections of antiques and works of art. In nearly every case the fire completely demolished the premises so that it was very easy for a casual observer to say the house and contents were a total loss.

Police agencies had been suspicious for some time as to the origin of the various fires but they could lay their hands on no tangible clue to prove the blazes were incendiary. The fact the fires occurred in many different towns also served to lead investigators astray.

Then came the fire at the home of Charles McElwain at Russell. Lieut. Puzzo went to the scene the next day as a matter of routine procedure. He stood looking at the still smouldering ruins and had about made up his mind the fire was "just another one of those things" when he chanced to look down to the ground.

Too Shiny

And what did he see? Just a few bright shiny pins of the common variety. He



McELWAIN HOME AT RUSSELL

bent over and picked up his find and as he did the thought struck him that it had been raining for several days previous to the time of the fire.

That being true, he reasoned, why weren't the pins rusty? So he decided to have a further look around. Part way down the driveway where it circled the house, he found a small cardboard box cover. The cover had a prescription number written on it and was listed as coming from a Springfield drugstore.

This meant just one thing to the detective. Someone had been around the premises before the fire broke out. A still further look around uncovered faint depressions in the grass of the lawn which were made by the tires of a truck. Another funny thing was that these tracks had a peculiar mark that could never be mistaken once seen. The mark was caused by a break in the tread of the tire.

Lieut. Puzzo had a conference with Mr. McElwain and sure enough he found the pins and the box cover had been in the drawer of an antique desk which had been part of the living room furniture in the burned home. It was also learned there was a crack in the desk drawers through which the pins unquestionably had dropped.

This added up to only one thing. The McElwain home had been stripped of its furnishings before the fire took place. It all meant to the keen-witted detective that he had an incendiary fire on his hands which had been set up to cover up a theft.

Mulling this over in his head the detective took his information to his chief, Detective Inspector George O. Mansfield, attached to the state fire marshall's office at Boston. Over a dinner table this pair fitted the pieces of the puzzle together until both were convin-

ced they had run on to the working of a clever gang of thieves who were burning the homes they looted to cover their depredations. Fire after fire was recalled in which the same thing might have been true. In fact, once their dinner was over the detectives had about all the facts they needed except the members of the gang and the stolen property.

In Full Cry

Carefully plans were laid. Scientific forces were brought into play when casts of the tire tracks were made. Fingerprints found on a lantern chimney at the McElwain home were recorded. With this the forces of the law were in full cry at the heels of the gang — but what weeks of patient, heartbreaking investigation were to follow before an arrest was made!

With the first arrest the story took on all the aspects of a detective story magazine thriller. The arrest, that is a technical arrest, took place in a jail where the prisoner was already serving time for another offense. He had been convicted of breaking and entering. With him was another member of the gang. After much questioning one of the pair admitted he had been implicated in the McElwain fire. He said he and his companion had chosen to serve time when they were charged with a lesser offense rather than have police investigate their activities too closely and probably uncover evidence of their arson activities.

As is often the case when police get a break and succeed in getting one criminal to talk it is a simple matter to play him against the others until the full story has been learned.

Frank R. Langille was the first man tied in with the arson ring. His history showed him to have been for several years a state ward who had worked for the proprietor of Wiggins Tavern in Northampton. The

hostlery is noted far and wide for its collection of antiques. While around this tavern Langille had absorbed a knowledge of antiques and he proved to be the brains of the arson ring, which operated by stealing antiques from summer homes and then burning the buildings.

With him in jail was Patrick Tarantino who also had a fair knowledge of antiques and the value of old furniture. They had acted as ringleaders of the gang and had set up an elaborate system for disposing of their stolen loot.

Net Tightens

Questioned at the Worcester house of correction the pair implicated several other members of the gang along with fences and dealers who were not averse to handling antiques that were "hot".

Once a definite lead had been established law enforcement powers went to work with a will. Realizing they were up against a clever gang of criminals, evidence was gathered and the grand jury asked to return secret indictments. This forestalled any elaborate defense the criminals might have prepared. The first the gang knew the law was creeping in on them was when the warrants were issued simultaneously for their arrest.

Speedily then did the wheels of justice grind and despite last minute efforts of the accused, working through expensive lawyers, sentences were handed down in keeping with the part each had played.

Many funny things happened during the investigation of the case. Suddenly, two previously unsolved holdups in Springfield were cleared up. They had long been a thorn in the side of detectives. But once the arson ring members were questioned somewhere along the line came information that led to the

clearing up of the holdups. Information like that travels in criminal circles, police say, and it is not rare to have one or more cases solved when one has been "cracked".

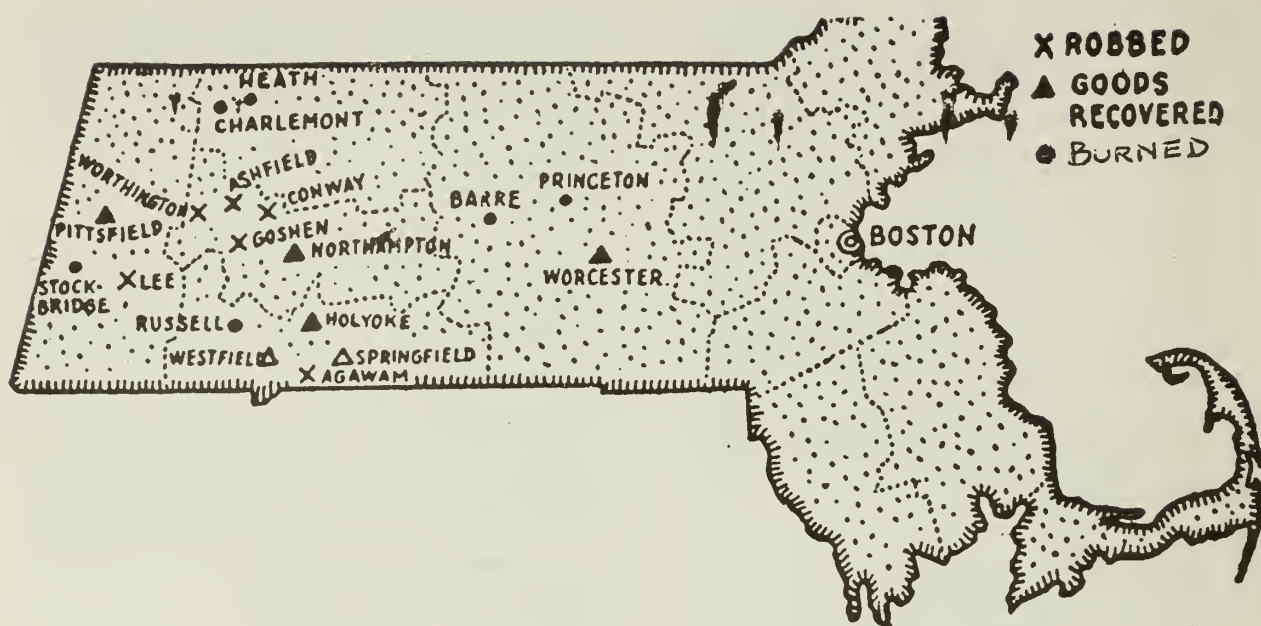
Other Activities

A little town in Vermont lost a church building because of this gang. And it was a needless loss at that. The gang had information that the church housed an expensive gold cross. It was planned to steal the cross and raze the building. Entering the premises it was found that the cross was not in the church selected but another nearby. Nevertheless the building was burned down.

Just about the time the gang was rounded up, its leaders, so police were told, were getting ready to broaden their activities. They planned to spread out through the entire New England area. The leaders felt they had perfected a foolproof system for stealing and covering their tracks and they were anxious to branch out and become big shots in the criminal world.

Scouts for the gang had looked over several summer homes in various places along the coast of Maine, including that of Rudy Vallee, the radio and movie star. His home was marked for attention because it housed many valuable and saleable antiques and works of art.

So all because six little pins were not rusty and came to the attention of a state fire inspector, a widespread ring of arson specialists was brought to justice. Along with this thousands of dollars worth of stolen property was recovered and returned to its rightful owners and untold thousands of dollars worth of property saved from the hands of a gang which had become bloated with its own successes in a criminal way.



Summer Homes Burned

Some of the homes which investigators conclusively proved were burned through the operations of the arson gang were owned by Charles Mc Elwain at Russell, John Angel at Barre, George P. Tripp at Heath, Gladys Armory at Lee, Charlotte Moon at Stockbridge and the Homewood estate at Princeton.

Scenes of Thefts But Not Fires

Other summer homes were visited by the gang who for some reason saw fit to leave the buildings intact and contented themselves with removing valuable furnishings. These were owned by Carol E. Adams at Charlemont, R.W. Tripp at Heath, R.W. Davenport at Heath, E.A. Hussar at Worthington, H.E. Smith at Goshen, Marcus D. Clothier at Ashfield, William N. Daniels at Conway, and Fred Keys at Conway.

NOTE:

The old McElwain house was built by Titus Doolittle about 1800 and known as the Hill Farm. Roland Parks, whose diary was once printed in *Stone Walls*, owned it from 1837 for a few years, and then sold to Chauncey Morse. By 1855 Dexter Parks owned it, and at least until 1875, as shown on old maps. The property remained in the Parks family until purchased by McElwain in the early 1900s, and was known as Moss Hill Farm (the name corrupted from Morse). After the fire George Bausman bought the land and replaced the house close to the original site about 1938. The entire property was purchased by Howard Mason in 1956, but the house is now owned by Philip C. Steiger.

Early Memories

By Jean Joyal Cooper

How far back does our memory go? For some of us it goes almost to babyhood with isolated events stamped in our minds. We are blessed if those memories are happy ones as some of mine are; reaching up to pick ripe blueberries which I called "dodies" when I was too small to stand up; then again sitting on the stone wall by the barn in New Salem with my mother to await my father's return from work in Orange. It was summer and the quiet fields stretched to our left. Along came Papa in the buggy pulled by old Billy who doubled as plow-horse. When we all went to town we rode in a surrey with a fringe on top. Really! In winter we bundled up in the sleigh.

One special winter memory is of a Christmas celebration on the common in Orange when children were given candy and oranges by Santa in full costume.

Yes, I do remember clearly though it was long ago. We moved from that farm when I was five and I am sixty-eight now. There was the smell of banana oil as my mother cleaned the big brass bedstead, and another special fragrance of hot iron on cloth. That would be a Tuesday. Women washed on Monday and ironed on Tuesday. On Saturday we bought the week's groceries (whatever we didn't raise on the farm), with a little bag of candy to be shared by us three children. My sister always wanted the bag; that was what mattered, not the size nor the number of candies within.

And Saturday night? Of course! The wash tub was placed on the kitchen floor

and filled from the reservoir at the back of the woodstove for baths. Two little girls at one time and brother at another.

Since kids will be kids I managed to cause a commotion one day when I did a somersault on the horsehair sofa. That was not so bad but the sofa was set in front of a fireplace which was covered by a large piece of tin or zinc. One corner was loose and my right heel caught there, making a good-sized gash and bleeding freely. I do remember that. The doctor came though I don't know how he was summoned, unless my father made a dash with the buggy. There was no phone. Later, well bandaged and somewhat subdued I sat on the edge of the low porch. The scar remains.

As for stores, I don't know. The Grand Union Tea Co. was our source of supply for spices and various other household needs. These arrived in what seemed like a large truck with little shelves on the sides. One could even get premiums, for that was how my mother obtained her "silver ware". We still have a few pieces.

That was around 1920. We certainly had tea. Our Scottish grandmother drank numerous cups of it as she sat in our kitchen with one of us in her generous lap. To her I was "wee Jeannie" and my mother was "big Jeannie".

I could go on and on as requested by a daughter but don't want to bore the reader. However, knowing that we recall very early childhood I hope we can help to create happy memories for those little ones we know.



Passing December

*Purple, feathered clouds suspended,
in quiet twilight skies,
against the pink horizon
as daylight slowly dies.
December days of shortened length
cast shadows long and deep,
and as the cold invades the earth
wild things prepare for sleep.*

*Black silhouettes of leafless limbs
stand out in failing light;
reflections dance on chilly ponds
then disappear from sight.
Deep darkness like soft velvet falls,
the moon has yet to rise;
fresh, northern winds begin to stir
and move the pines to sighs.*

*The distant stars seem closer now,
as winter nights unfold;
very soon drifting snows will pile,
then stay, in zero's hold.
Amidst it all, the creatures free,
endure the icy blast
as if they've faith that spring will come,
like in the years gone past.*

William S. Hart



Victory

*There's blue-gray mold, on the stones of old,
that form this crumbling wall,
but its line is true as it stretches through,
the trees all grown up tall.*

*Many years have traveled past
since this land felt the farmer's plow,
and roots again penetrate the earth
that once felt hooves of cows.*

*The stream winds listlessly on the place,
like a crease in a wrinkled face;
nature's things have reclaimed the rest
as the birds and squirrels attest.*

*Tranquility shows up everywhere,
overcoming what man has done,
and listening to the rustling leaves,
I hear them whisper, they've won.*

William S. Hart

Mary Harkins Frisbie

Part II

By Frances Knox Childs

Mary Harkins was born in the Boston area and grew up in the Tewksbury Alms house. When she was eight years old, she left the Monson State Farm School where she was staying and came to Granville to live with the Cyrus Phelon family in 1866.

The Phelon family, wondering about the new children, was watching expectantly for the well-known carriage to cross the brook in that last dip and climb the last rise to pull into the yard. No less curious was eight-and-a-half year old Mary about these strangers among whom she was to live. Fourteen-year-old John Phelon and his brother twenty-one-year old William helped Mary from the carriage, unloaded the parcels and led the horse to the barn. Celia, the sixteen-year old daughter and school teacher, and Ellen, her sister who was nineteen brought Mary and Joseph into the house where they met Lucy Phelon, their new mistress. She welcomed them kindly. The trial month passed satisfactorily for Mary Harkins and on June twenty-eighth the formal indenture paper was signed. Mary was eight and a half years old when she was bound out to Mr. Phelon as an apprentice in housekeeping. She was to be in the care of Mr. Phelon until she reached her eighteenth birthday. In addition to having her instructed in the duties of housekeeping, Mr. Phelon agreed that he would "give her suitable opportunities at school, so that she may learn the several branches of spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar and other things usually taught in our common schools; that he will give her or cause to be given to her proper Moral and Re-

ligious Instruction, and allow and require her to attend public religious worship on the Sabbath, providing her with suitable apparel therefore — that he will treat her kindly, exercising over her a parental care and control; that he will watch over her morals, endeavoring by all means to guard her against vicious habits and practices, and train her up in such a way that she will become virtuous, intelligent and useful."

The contract further specified that Mr. Phelon would provide Mary with "Suitable board and clothing" and care for her "in a suitable manner, both in sickness and in health." When Mary should reach the age of eighteen, he pledged, if she had served him faithfully, to provide her "with two full suits of good clothes, one for the Sabbath and the other for working days, and also a cloak, and shawl, and will also give her a Bible.

Under the planning and direction of Cyrus Phelon his farm was to become one of the most prosperous in the area. Both of his sons and a number of hired men were needed to carry on the many activities of hand farming. The number varied with the season and the work in progress. Some of the men were neighbors in the community and worked by the day at the farm, but always there were one or two who lived with the family.

When Mary joined the Phelon family the spring activities were well under way. The gardens had been planted which must provide enough vegetables for the household during the summer and through the long winter. The tobacco field had been set to plants and would provide a cash crop. Corn and oats for the farm animals were making good growth. The sheep were about to be sheared and soon the haying would begin. The many hours of daylight were scarcely enough to accomplish all that needed to be done on the busy farm. The men needed hearty meals to provide energy for their many tasks. No doubt Mary's first responsibility was in the kitchen helping with the food preparation and the dish washing.

During the eight years Mary was with the Phelon family she would gradually learn to assist with all of the activities that made up the yearly routine of a prosperous Berkshire hill farm. As far as possible all food for the family was raised on the farm. To pay for what was needed from the store such as flour, sugar, molasses or salt, surplus farm products were sold or bartered.

Late in the winter the lambing time would arrive. Often a little lamb, rejected by its mother, would be brought into the kitchen and kept in a box near the big kitchen stove where Mary would feed it with a bottle until it was strong enough to join the flock. Just before it was time to turn the flock into the spring pasture the older sheep would be sheared of their thick fleeces. At the time of Mary's stay at the farm all of these would be sold. Mrs. Phelon was not strong, and the process of turning the fleece into yarn was left to someone else.

In the course of time Mary learned to milk the cows. During the summer the cows remained in the pasture day and



night, but at milking time, morning and evening, they followed their worn and winding paths through the pasture to the barnyard gate. When the weather was fair Mary did the milking outdoors. She tied the cows to the fence and filled her pails with their rich milk. The family used a lot of milk. At every meal a large pitcherful was placed on the table. Enough cream was saved so that butter could be made for the family needs, but the surplus milk was made into cheese. In the ell back of the kitchen was the cheese room. On its shelves the cheeses ripened until they were ready for market. The town of Granville had the reputation of producing fine cheese which was in demand in the markets of a wide area.

The whey from the cheese-making was fed to the pigs. Added to their regular fare of corn and "pig potatoes" (those too small for family use), and other surplus vegetables, the pigs grew fat for butcher-

ing in early November. The pork roasts would be frozen and preserved in a bin of oats. Scrapes would be ground and spiced for sausage. The hams and lean fat would be preserved in a salt brine. All other fat would be rendered into lard. This last process was the women's job and Mary would have helped. The long strips of fat were cut into small pieces, cooked until the heat turned the fat to liquid, and then strained into pails where it became solid when cold. This was the shortening used for making the pies which were an almost daily part of their diet, and for filling the great iron kettle for the weekly frying of doughnuts.

Not far from the kitchen ell was the hen house. During the winter when the cold was severe and the hours of daylight few, the hens laid almost no eggs, but in the spring they resumed their egg laying. When they were allowed to roam outside their house during the warm spring days many of them would find secret places for their nests. When Mary gathered the eggs she would hunt for these nests, but no matter how carefully she looked, a nest or two would be hidden so well she never found it. She would be aware she had missed a nest only when a hen escorted its brood of little chicks into the open where they scratched for grain and chased grasshoppers. Some of these chicks grew to become layers in the flock and others provided chicken pies for the family. Usually two or three of the largest roosters were raised to provide roasting chickens for the Thanksgiving dinner or some other special occasion.

Mary was very fond of the horses. How she loved to hear the jingle of their bells as they drew the sleigh over snow packed roads on winter Sundays or when some member of the family needed to go to town! Horses were needed for their travels and to help with many of the farm jobs,

but the Phelons also had teams of oxen. These slow, patient, strong animals brought from the woods the cords of firewood needed for the farmhouse stoves, and logs to be sawn into lumber.

The first winter Mary spent at the Phelon homestead brought snow and cold with all the severity of the Berkshire hills. At the end of November and two days before Mary's ninth birthday, Mrs. Phelon gave birth to her fifth child. Fourteen years had passed since the birth of her last child, and during the nine years remaining of her life she never was to be strong. The little baby, though, must have been endowed with special strength from his parents and the invigorating hill country, for he was to enjoy the land of his birth over one hundred years. The baby was named Austin, and became the special charge and constant companion of Mary.

The year that Cyrus Phelon decided to replace his tobacco field with an apple orchard was a time of great interest to the entire family. Mary no doubt took little Austin often to the slope where the young nursery stock had been planted, and together they identified each variety. There were baldwins and greenings, russets and spies, and other old varieties. One of Austin's earliest memories was the setting of the orchard, and when, following his father's death, he became the head of the Phelon homestead, the care of the apple orchard and the producing of excellent apples were his great pleasure.

By the time the young trees reached maturity Cyrus Phelon had built a cider mill under the barn. All apples that fell short of his high standard for marketing were made into cider and then into vinegar. To make vinegar the fresh cider would be poured into wooded casks and set aside in a cool, dirt-floor cellar where, as the weeks passed, the sweet cider fer-

mented and then soured. When it passed Mr. Phelon's exacting tests the vinegar was marketed.

Throughout the long winter, apples stored for the family provided tasty pies and between-meal snacks. During the school term Mary often had an apple in her lunch pail. The schoolhouse stood in the corner of neighbor Stowe's lot, a mile's walk from the Phelon farm, and Mary attended each term. The teacher boarded around at the homes of her pupils and Mary looked forward to the walk to school with the teacher when she stayed with the Phelons.

By the time Austin reached school age, Mary was one of the oldest of the pupils in the one-room schoolhouse. With its vaulted ceiling, the building was yet plain and simple; but when the sunshine left brilliant rectangles of light across the wooden floor, or the wood stove radiated heat on a chilly day, the room was bright and cheerful. Opposite the door was the teacher's desk, and behind it was the blackboard. On each side of the blackboard and extending in a continuous line the length of the room were the pupils' desks. They were attached to the wall, and a continuous bench in front of them provided seats for the pupils. When they were writing or studying they faced the wall, but when it was time for reciting, the pupils swung their legs over the bench and faced the center of the room. It was no problem at all for the boys to swing their feet over the benches, but the girls had to do it carefully and modestly. Their long skirts and petticoats were bulky and could easily catch on the rough benches. Boys were required to divert their eyes from the girls, but many a boy had to stand before the teacher to be punished because he looked at some girl while she manipulated her feet over the bench.

Family tradition says that such a punishment befell young Austin, when his eyes strayed to a little girl as she swung her skirts over the bench.

The stone walls of Mr. Stowe's farm separated the school yard from his field and the temptation was strong for the children to run along the top of them during recess and the noon hour. Mr. Stowe objected to having stones dislodged, and put a stop to it; but there were plenty of other games for the youngsters to play.

Austin spent many hours at home playing with models of inventions which his father had made and patented. These were a "scow cart" and a four-wheeled wagon equipped with automatic brakes. When oxen or horses would pull a wagon on the level or up a hill the brakes would be free, but as soon as the team started down hill the forward pressure of the wagon engaged the brakes and prevented the wagon from proceeding too fast. Mr. Phelon also had solved the problem that a team of oxen might encounter in the woods when a stump or rock in the path made it necessary for one of the oxen to go on one side of it, and the other on the opposite side. He invented a yoke that expanded from the sidewise pressure of the oxen and returned to normal width when they had passed the obstacle. The models were so sturdily built that they have remained in the Phelon family over a hundred years and have provided happy hours of play for many children. Mary was to observe that little Austin's play with these models developed into the skill of managing full sized wagons and real ox teams. Many a day he preferred to stay away from school so that he could drive an ox team in the farm work.

— to be continued —

The Perfect Gift

By Pamela G. Donovan-Hall

Since our family was getting larger each year we decided to draw names for Christmas presents. My older brother, Mick, who has always been unbearably practical and realistic grumbled again that a gift hand made was worth more than anything bought. During our August family get together, names were drawn and it was agreed that the gift had to be made. Everyone was hoping that Mom would draw their name (since we all needed a new quilt), and everyone was hoping they wouldn't get Dad. (What can you make Dad?)

After drawing my Dad's name, the nightmare began. I couldn't think of a thing worthwhile I could make him. I cursed Mick for many months, as did the rest of the family. The nightmare turned into a challenge: the challenge into an idea: I would research the house he owned in Huntington by his plant.

My research started at the Registry of Deeds in Northampton, continued at the Norwich Bridge School, home of our Historical Society and on to the cemeteries. I also talked with Doris (Strickland) Fisk who grew up in this house. She confirmed what we had suspected: there was an old fireplace with dutch ovens boarded up where cupboards and closets are now. I stopped in to see my grandmother who now lives in one apartment to share the news and my restoration plans. She wasn't delighted — she needed her cabinets and

closet space. Since that day she hasn't left her home for fear of returning to a chaotic mess.

It was the eve of Dec. 23rd and I was binding the six typewritten pages between two narrow pieces of paneling strung with leather. At midnight as I was putting the second coat of paint on the plaque I had made for the house, I heard my husband cursing and pounding down cellar. (He was making a bird feeder for my mother.) I knew that the rest of the family was doing and saying the same thing at that hour and knew that Mick's ears must have been burning!

Christmas Eve came and we all had met the deadline. Although a little tired, we all surprised each other with our hand made gifts. We shared a lot of laughter, listened to all the complications of making a gift, and told our own stories about them. Dad loved his gifts and knew that it had involved many hours of research. I was very pleased with myself and knew the gift was something he could never buy at the Mall.

My research taught me something: History is a gift. Places and things can still 'come alive' from the history they retain, if only we care enough to look.

It hasn't been decided if we will continue this yearly or not. But, Grammy: I promise not to tear down your cabinets if you go anywhere; and to my dear brother Mick: Thanks.

My Dad's Place

By Pamela G. Donovan-Hall



Since everyone always refers to houses by their past owners, this house is known as the 'Bradley Place' or the 'Strickland House'. For the past 30 years it has been owned by Gaylon R. Donovan and it is located on Rte. 112 in Huntington, Mass. about ¼ mile north of the Norwich Bridge. It was built by Mr. Nelson Porter in 1850 and its architecture is known as Greek Revival. It is located on the site of the Caleb Fobes Tavern which was built by Caleb Fobes in 1772 and dismantled by Mr. Porter.

Mr. Caleb Fobes was one of the earliest settlers in Norwich. (Norwich was changed to Huntington in 1855.) He came from Preston, Conn. where he was one of the persons who helped incorporate that town in 1687. He was living here for some years before he is first mentioned in the Norwich Valuation list in 1767. As of that date he was the wealthiest man in Norwich. He owned 1 horse, 2 oxen, 3 cows, 1 swine and much real estate. In May of 1768 he was the first choice for the board of selectman and assessors. He

listed his occupation as husbandman. He is listed in Norwich history as one of the ablest, worthiest, and most prominent settlers of Norwich. He was one of the pioneers to petition for the town's incorporation. Even in 1772, 7 years later, the valuation gave him the highest rating in the town. Abner Smith and Isaac Mixer standing second and third. In 1773 he was credited with property exceeding that of his fellow citizens.

The Caleb Fobes' Tavern or Inn was a conspicuous and celebrated institution. Mr. Nelson Porter describes the old building:

The end of the house was toward the highway, the ridgepole running from east to west. There was no extension as an L or a wing behind it. There was only one chimney but there were 3 fireplaces: 1 below and 2 above. According to colonial fashion, there were 2 front rooms with an entry containing a staircase. Eastward, there was a kitchen with a buttery at the south end and a bedroom at the north. At the southwest corner was the barroom, at the northwest the parlor; 2 chambers in front, 3 in the rear. The house was painted red by the old schoolmaster, "Master Tinker." The frame of the house was of white and red oak. There was not a brace in it; 2 inch planks were fastened together with 1 inch pins. When I attempted to disrupt the structure, I tried to pull down the frame with oxen but was unable. Except the sills and ends of posts, the frame was sound.

When Mr. Porter took down the huge chimney, he abstracted the two bricks that were two or three feet from the top — on which one could read from the ground. They were set on edge, side by side:

CF 1772

Mr. Caleb Fobes was designated in public records as an "Innkeeper" in 1776. During the Revolutionary War, Mr. Jerry

Stockwell and a number of the others, returning homeward to Plainfield, Cummington, Chesterfield and vicinity, were traveling up the highway on the west side of the Main River, when they reached the side of the river directly opposite the Fobes Inn. They halted and Jerry Stockwell shouted across the river to the landlord an order for a mug of tod. He prepared it, mounted his horse, and carried it over.

This house was used for trainings and town meetings. It was also used for separate public worship, meetings for 'the support of the Gospel', for 'support of schools', and 'the preaching' and for 'Military Artillery Company'.

Mr. Fobes was elected to several minor positions some of them repeatedly: poundkeeper, highway surveyor, tithingman. In 1774 he was chosen moderator, in 1775 he was elected to the honorable office of Member of the Committee of Correspondence. In 1780 he was treasurer of the town. He was on the committee to procure men for the Army in 1780. It is noted in the town's history and it was tradition that there used to be Trainings at Landlord Fobes' on the River. Parade was in front of the house. At these events the soldiers wore white pants, blue coats, brass buttons and in their hats had red and white feathers.

Several had testified to the early existence of a school house the east side; one located it half way from the Fobes' house to the Mixer house, now formally "The Cove". Directly across from the Fobes' Tavern was a fordway. A flood in 1854 made it unable to cross the Norwich Bridge, a covered bridge was erected in 1855. When the bridge was washed out, education in that building was suspended.

Caleb Fobes was married. His wife was Ede who was born in 1716 and died

August 23, 1793 at age 77. They had 3 sons: William, Lemuel and Walter. The records show one daughter, Abigail, who married her neighbor Phinehas Mixer, son of Isaac. Mr Fobes died in 1802 and is buried in the Norwich Bridge Cemetery. His Tombstone reads:

In memory of Caleb Fobes
He died 19 Nov. AD 1802
In the 83 yr of his age
His virtues would
a monument supply
But underneath this
stone his ashes lye

His will, written on Jan. 29, 1790 reads:
In consideration of parental affection, I convey to my youngest son Walter Fobes all the farm of land on which I now dwell being in said Norwich, together with the dwelling house, barn and outhouses standing thereon... about 170 acres.

Walter Fobes married Amanda Elkerkin on July 21, 1785 and continued to live in the Fobes Tavern. Walter Fobes became a Captain. Their children:

Clori Ida	b. July 6, 1787 d. July 10, 1787
Walter Jr.	b. Feb. 1, 1795 d. Feb. 1, 1795
Walter LaFayette	b. Feb. 8, 1796
	d. June 24, 1802
Artemas	b. Feb. 14, 1798
Louisa Elderkin	b. Sept. 28, 1800
Daughter	b. July 24, 1802 stillborn

Walter Fobes sold to Moses Whitney; who sold to Lemuel Raymond in 1837. Mr. Raymond sold to Mr. Nelson Porter in 1848. Nelson Porter was born on Oct. 2, 1803 and was the son of Asa and Martha. He had two brothers, Asa Jr. and Freeman. His mother must have died between 1806 and 1810 and his father Married Eunice who bore him three more sons. Mr. Porter dismantled the tavern and constructed the present house in 1850. His wife was Mary, but it is not known if they had any children. He sold

the house in 1861 to Chester Cady and moved to Norwich Hill. Nelson Porter died Oct. 10, 1883 and his wife died in 1902 age 88. They are both buried in the Norwich Bridge Cemetery.

Joseph Stanton owned 9 acres bordering this property and sold it to Henry Perry in 1863 for \$75.00. Chester Cady died Sept. 8, 1862 and his daughter, Ursula L. Perry inherited this farm from him. She sold to William Thompson in 1864; who sold to Linnaeus V. Gibbs in 1866.

Linnaeus V. Gibbs was a Medical Doctor moving here from Blandford. He used this house as part of his office and served our community. He sold this farm in 1874 but moved to Rte. 20 serving on the school committee from 1882-1885 when he moved to Worthington. Vincent S. Bradley bought it from Dr. Gibbs in 1874 and lived here until 1892, when he sold to William Phillips.

Mr. William Phillips lived here until 1931. He farmed on this land, owned cattle, horses and sold wood. William S. Hall of Montgomery knew the whole family very well. They were a hard working outfit. One son Roy married Mildred Wright from Montgomery She was the daughter of Jerri Wright and Carrie Hall, Bill's father's sister. They moved to Southampton and Mildred moved to Montgomery and was brought up by Bill's grandmother, Mary Jane Tinker Hall. Another son was Paul and a daughter, Beatrice, who became conservator of her father's estate.

Raymond and Lucy Strickland bought this farm from Beatrice (Phillips) Fuller in 1931, raised their family and lived here for many years. Mr. Strickland built the stone fireplace that stands in front of the house. They sold to Gaylon R. Donovan in 1956.

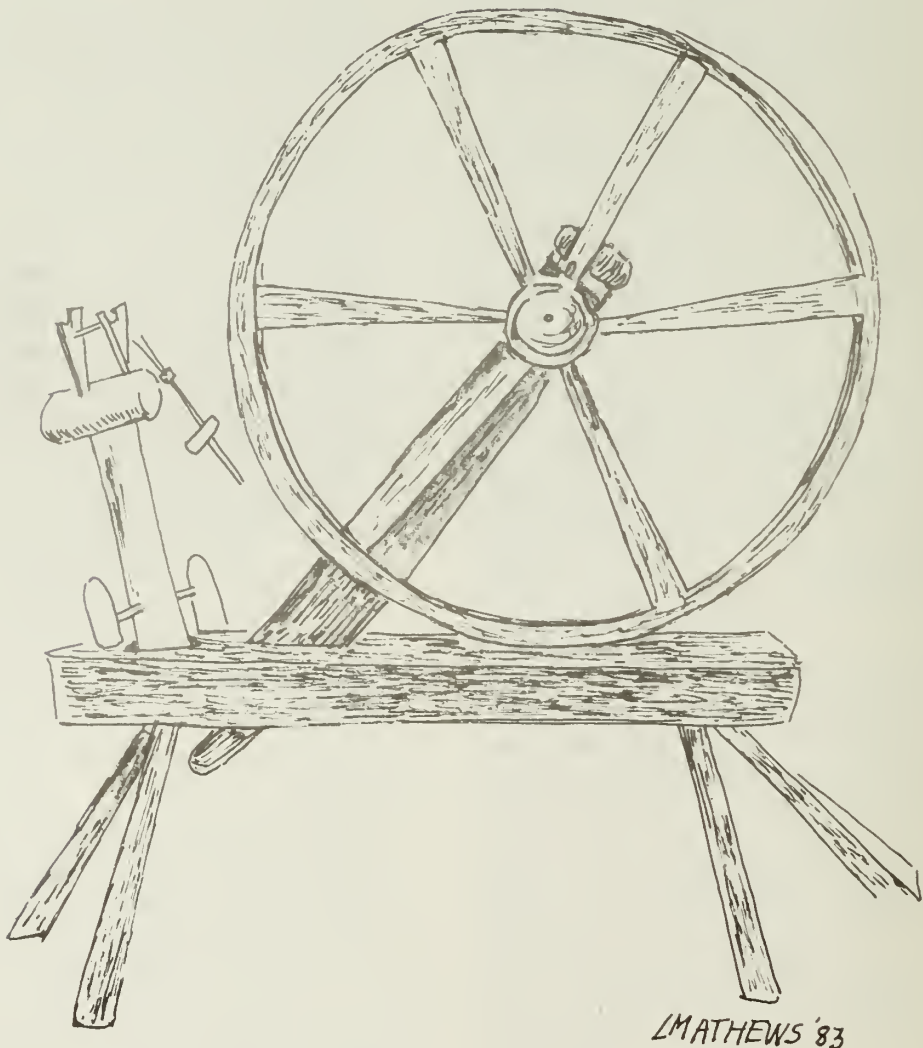
This property was also involved with a

family tragedy. Mr. Channing Angell was the great grandson of Christian Angell, one of the first settlers in our town and Indian Hollow. He married Anna May Hathaway of Chesterfield and they had five children. Channing swapped some wood or lumber for a pig from this farm. He died at the age of 42; 5 days later his wife died aged 33; 3 days later Martha died, aged 3. Three weeks later Raymond died of trichinosis from a "bad pig". No charges were filed against this farmer.

They left three children who survived the illness: Hazel aged 15, Eva 6 and Carroll aged 1. They were separated and raised by Angell relatives in Westfield.

References:

Registry of Deeds, Northampton Mass.
Huntington Historical Society
Munson Papers (unpublished)
Cemeteries
Vital Records



One-Woman Farm

By Lucy Conant

There have been dairy maids throughout history and Bo Beep had her sheep, but somehow farming isn't considered a woman's occupation. In the past, when husbands died or went away, women ran farms and ranches, and there have always been women like me who preferred outside work to housework. I know women who are employed as farm managers, responsible for the total operation, including raising and harvesting field corn and hay as well as caring for livestock. I don't care for machines and am no mechanic. I drive a 4-wheel-drive pick-up truck, but expect others to repair it. The machines on my farm are small so that if they break down, I can cart them off in the truck to be repaired elsewhere. Yet, there are girls and women who enjoy working with machinery and are good mechanics. It doesn't take that much physical strength to run today's machines. For more than 50 years the 4-H clubs in this country have treated boys and girls as equals in raising and exhibiting livestock. Even back in the 1930's and 1940's, farm girls were just as successful as boys at raising cattle, sheep, and other livestock. As a result, today's farm women are very much at home raising livestock.

For the past 10 years I have been running a one-woman farm in Chester. Overdale is a small-scale farm, adapted to the

terrain, climate and what seems to work for me. I have sources of income beside the farm, but I do expect it to pay for itself and to increase in value as the soil improves and the trees grow bigger. More than 100 of the 130 acres are wooded, so my farm activities are concentrated on the fields and gardens surrounding the house and barn. When I bought the land in the mid-1960's, it was abandoned, without buildings and with the fields growing up to brush. In 1975 I had a house built and came to live here year round. Since then I have been seeing what I could do with my land. It has been a personal adventure involving much satisfaction.

Tomboy

I grew up on a farm in Southampton. My father was a businessman who had a farm when we were children, raising beef cattle and sheep. I loved all the farm activities and tried to avoid housework and dishwashing as much as possible. I was in the 4-H baby beef club for a number of years, showing my steers at the Eastern States Exposition every fall. After school, I helped with the farm chores, particularly the livestock. The first vehicle I learned to drive was my brother's pickup truck. During the summer I drove the tractor for haying. My parents waited



in vain for me to quit being a tomboy and to stop wearing blue jeans.

About the time that I went to college, my father gave up farming and sold the livestock and farm machinery. The farm was gone except for my pony, which stayed on a friend's farm. At college I had become interested in nursing as a result of volunteer work. I went on to the Yale University School of Nursing, then worked as a public health nurse in Michigan and Cornwall, England. Several years as a head nurse in a hospital were followed by graduate study in public health and then sociology while I was on the faculty at the Yale University School of Nursing. It was when I was living in Connecticut that I had the desire to own some land in the Berkshire Hills.

130 acres

Exploring old roads with my brother and sister and their families, one day I hiked up an incredibly steep and rutted road and arrived at the overgrown fields that are now mine. Even then it was lovely, with a beautiful view looking down the Westfield River Valley. The fields were surrounded by woods, a small brook flowed down the steep hillside. I knew that this was the land that I had been looking for. What I was going to do with 130 acres, I didn't know, but somehow that didn't concern me. That next summer I had a small cottage built (electricity but no running water) and bought a Jeep station wagon so that I could drive up the road. About this time I had the opportunity of becoming dean of the

School of Nursing at the University of North Carolina, and so off I went to Chapel Hill. During the seven years that I was dean, I returned to my Berkshire hillside every summer for vacation. Gradually the idea evolved of building a house and living there year round. So in 1975 I resigned as dean and moved back to Massachusetts to find out what I could do with my land.

Ten years later there are not only a house but also a barn for the sheep and their hay. The summer cottage has been moved next to the barn and is used mainly for storage. The electric stove still works, and this is where I finish off the maple syrup that I make early in the spring. The once brushy fields are fenced-in pastures for the sheep. Up the hill from the house are three vegetable garden areas, above that a field with blueberry bushes, and then another one with Christmas trees. The new road that I had built isn't as steep as the old washed-out, town road, but it still requires a 4-wheel drive in the winter.

Some timber has been cut, but 100 acres are still wooded. The brook continues to delight visiting children. It can be just a trickle during a dry summer, but several times I have seen it become an awesome torrent during flash floods. The view is as lovely as ever, changing with the seasons, and I never tire of it. Although I can see only one house perched on a distant hillside, I am only two miles away from the village of Chester and the state highway, so I don't feel isolated. I concentrate on those things that I can do by myself and like doing. It's a small operation, but I keep very busy most all year.

The sheep

Currently I have a flock of 25-30 registered Romney sheep, the number the

barn will hold during the winter, with their hay, which I buy from a nearby farmer. My pastures will feed about this number during the summer grazing season. Recently I have been getting more involved in showing them at fairs, including some as far away as Pennsylvania and Maryland where they have classes for Romney sheep. The fairs provide an opportunity to get together with other Romney breeders, since there are very few in the area. I try to sell the best ram lambs for breeding purposes, and the others are sold for meat. Each year I usually keep several ewe lambs and have had no difficulty in selling the rest to other Romney breeders.

Wool is a Romney specialty; the long fleeces are excellent for hand spinning. I spin some of the wool myself, and sell some of the fleeces to hand spinners. The less desirable wool is sent to woolen mills from which I purchase yarn in return. I knit some of this yarn and sell the rest. What does not show on my financial records is that the sheep have improved the pastures and also provide excellent fertilizer for the vegetable gardens. The sheep also consume corn stalks and leftover vegetables in the fall.

Crops for sale

I raise vegetables and berries for my own use, freezing and storing the extras for winter consumption. This past year the potatoes and onions lasted until the new crop was ready. Since I raise much more than one person can use, I sell the produce regularly at the Huntington Farmers' Market throughout the summer and also to local stores and individuals in Chester. The gardens keep me busy for much of the year, from April, when the soil can be tilled, until the final cleanup and planting of winter rye in the fall. I raise a variety of vegetables for sale

throughout the summer, but sweet corn is the biggest single crop. I also raise strawberries, raspberries, and blueberries for sale directly or as jams and jellies. Extra cucumbers I turn into pickles, which I also sell. In the spring I make maple syrup. The season usually lasts from late February until early April but depends entirely on the weather. Freezing nights and warm days are required for the sap to run. The 13 maple trees that I tap are located around the house and barn, but when the sap runs, I run, carrying the pails of sap to the storage cottage, then boiling it down to syrup, doing as much outdoors as possible. Since it takes about 40 quarts of sap to make a quart of syrup,

making 40-60 quarts of maple syrup is a lot of work. However, the exercise gets me back into good physical condition after several months of relative inactivity.

The other crop I raise and sell is Christmas trees. The first spring that I was living on my farm, I planted 700 baby Christmas trees on the hill above the house and then thought, "Heavens, I'll never be able to sell all those trees!" However, despite the isolated location and the steep hill, people do come to cut their own Christmas trees. Now each spring I plant several hundred more trees to order to have future replacements, since it takes nearly 10 years for a tree to grow big enough to sell.



With Daisy, Dorothy & Sally

With all these activities, things get ahead of me at times, but I plug along, concentrating on top priorities and postponing the jobs that can be delayed for a while. During the spring and summer there is always a continual battle with weeds in the gardens. The weather is a vital factor: too much or too little rain or an early frost can cause havoc in the vegetable garden.

Settling in for the winter

By late fall, I am ready to settle in for the winter. There are still outdoor activities; the sheep need to be fed twice a day, firewood needs to be split, stored, and brought into the house, and snow has to be shoveled. But it is good to have some leisure, a chance to read books and do some of the indoor projects that have been accumulating during the year. This is the time that I can spin my wool and do a lot of knitting while watching television during the long winter evenings. I don't feel isolated since there are countless meetings to attend and numerous church and community activities demanding participation. Once in a while I get snow-bound or worse, ice bound, for a day or two. Usually I welcome these periods as long as the electricity stays on.

Bigger issues

One of the major current problems with agriculture in this country is marketing. New England imports about 85 percent of its food from outside the area. Yet local farmers have trouble selling their produce while supermarkets in nearby cities and towns import the same vegetables and fruits from thousands of miles away. Much of the lamb in this country is consumed by people living on the east coast, while most of the sheep are raised in the west. Yet farmers raising lambs in New England have major

problems marketing them.

It has been said that agriculture is the only business in which the owner buys retail and sells wholesale. The recent effort in the northeast to develop farmer's markets is an attempt to provide a sales outlet for locally grown products and to enable urban consumers to buy fresh, locally grown produce. It also provides an opportunity for growers and buyers to meet each other and learn about food production and consumer likes and dislikes. My stand at the Huntington Farmers' Market on Saturday mornings is an illustration of a development that is taking place throughout New England and undoubtedly in other parts of the country.

Another issue the New England farmer faces is the trend toward vegetarianism. What do you do with the extra male livestock if you don't eat meat but still want to wear woolen clothing and leather shoes, as well as drink milk and eat eggs? Equal numbers of males and females are born, but it only takes one male to breed a number of females. What is to be done with all those extra bulls, boars, and rams if you don't use them for meat? There is nothing wrong with humanely killing an animal and using it for food. The process by which this is done commercially can well be improved, but that is another issue.

People still can't eat grass. Large areas of land are well suited to raising grass rather than cultivated crops, which can erode and deplete the soil. The western prairies were the ultimate natural grasslands, but on New England hillsides such as mine, natural grasses grow very well. Cattle and sheep are basically grass eaters. One hundred and fifty years ago thousands of sheep were raised in New England, eating grass in the summer and grass hay in the winter. Corn, wheat, and

other vegetables require intensive cultivation or else the use of herbicides in the no-till method of production. Being a vegetarian does not help this country's agriculture or the conservation of farm land.

A running battle has been waged between the organic gardeners and those who use chemical fertilizers, pesticides, and herbicides. Too much use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides is not only expensive but dangerous, and many of the practices of organic farmers such as crop rotation are basic to good farming. I myself use some chemical fertilizer, but avoid the use of pesticides as much as possible. But it is next to impossible to raise some crops, such as apples, without spraying.

While my farm reflects one woman's way of life, it is also part of the broader picture. Issues in production, marketing, and utilization of resources all must be dealt with even if on a very small scale. Economic factors are crucial, but the satisfactions in farming are much more diverse. This hillside with its good soil, its good view, and the brook is something that people can destroy but cannot create. Most good farmers love their land and their way of life. I may live and work on this hillside as others have done before me, but the land has an identity all of its own. It will be here long after I am gone.

This article was first written for the Radcliffe Quarterly, then reprinted in the Bulletin of the Williston Northampton School.



From Pittsfield to Springfield Over the Boston and Albany Railroad by Moonlight

Hampshire Gazette — March 10, 1868

We took our seat on the right side of the cars at Pittsfield early one evening during the full moon of February.

Soon with a few significant manifestations of the black horse, we were on our way, and in a minute houses and lands were flying to the rear, and now the eye reaches out far on either side, catching here and there, as it is hurried along, glimpses of the farmer's cottage with its twinkling light. But hark! What meaneth that laborious breathing and the slackened pace of the iron steed!

Just this: we have commenced the ascent of that hill four or five miles long, which rises from 50 to 80 feet per mile; but patience, passengers, although the speed is a trifle lessened, for you can now have the better opportunity to examine closely every feature of interest, both of the wood capped hills to the right and the pleasant village of Dalton on the left of our course.

Well, here we were almost without knowing it, at the very summit to the village of Hinsdale, where we could breathe the mountain air, and where old Boreas, at times in his journeyings, bows with unwonted fury. While nearing this summit we noticed the three large woolen mills of the place, and while stopping there we had barely time to catch a few breaths of the indigo-rating atmosphere and make some hasty calculations of the mammoth wood piles brought thither for railroad consumption, and we were again

on our way to Washington. Speaking of wood we will here state, lest we forget, that these are but one of a series of piles, embracing thousands of cords, and extending at greater or less distances from each other all the way to Westfield.

The night was cold, clear and beautiful, so cold that we had to keep up a vigorous scratching and rubbing at short intervals upon the window pane, or Jack Frost would completely shut from our view the surrounding world. As we were rushed along we passed beautiful groves of spruces, and we were surprised to notice thousands of those trees surpassing in beauty those cultivated in our nurseries.

Soon we stopped at a place alike only in name to our national capital, and we were again on our way. Nearing Becket, we passed through a forest whose moss-covered branches reminded us of those away down in Dixie's land. Reaching Becket, we run on to the single track connecting it with Chester, and by the way, the company expect, before another winter comes, to have a double track all the way through, and they are now at work blasting away the ledges preparatory to laying the track the coming season.

We now kept up a steady watch, for the night was a magnificent one with the full moon shedding its rich refulgence over hill and dale while the frost, with its fairy fingers, was ladling everything with pearls. To the right and left towered

majestic hills and as we were hurried along our eyes were riveted to the scene. Now we were watching some grand old peak towering far up into the sky, soon to give place to another different form. Now we were interested in the forest dotted with the evergreens as they came and went, alternating with those of somber hue, while the snow reflected the silvery moonbeams in great beauty, contrasting in splendor with the trees and crags.

Ever and anon we shot into and out of those rocky cuts and saw huge icicles clinging like mightily stalagmites to their craggy sides.

Perchance in passing around some curve or changing our direction for a little time our view was hid by a cloud from the fiery furnace: still we watched, wondering what would next meet our gaze when the smoke should have rolled away.

On, on we flew, almost with the wings of the wind, crossing and recrossing the Westfield river, passing hills and valleys, cliffs and crags, over-hanging peaks, all forming one grand panorama, ever changing ever new, which, viewed in the moonlight, received a fantastical and

airy-like appearance far exceeding that given when seen in the golden moonlight, although then it is very beautiful.

Passing though Becket, Middlefield, Chester, and Huntington to Russell the wild mountain scenery is delightful, but from Chester to Russell, it is especially so when seen by moonlight, perfectly magnificent. Passing on from Russell, three or four miles, the mountains gradually sink away and we could again view the fields and forests stretching far away on either side. True, our view was sometimes obstructed as we shot past some bold and precipitous cliff, but the mountain chain was broken, though the scenery was still very charming, and as we passed Westfield and West Springfield and were nearing our destination we could not but wish that with such delightful scenery and so gentlemanly and accommodating employees our journey might be continued.

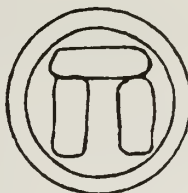
We were seated on the west side of the car and the scenery noticed was more, therefore, on that side, although upon the other it is equally beautiful.



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